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FROM PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. IN LOVE OR NOT IN LOVE! THAT IS THE QUESTION.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

'The amount of it is,' said handsome Henry Harvey to his friend Tom R., at the end of a long and confidential conversation, 'the amount of it is, I'm in a confounded scrape. I've gone a little too far, perhaps, in my attention; the girl's over head and ears in love with me, and I don't see how I'm to get out of it with honor. I don't like the idea of broken hearts, and all that sort of thing—but what is a fellow to do? I've no more thought of marrying than I have of turning preacher. Come, give us your advice, old fellow!'

Tom eyed his friend with a merry twinkle in his eye. A sagacious and mischievous smile played round the corner of his mouth.

'Nothing easier in life than to get out of the scrape, as you call it, if you want to.'

'How? how?' asked Harvey, eagerly.

'You say she's handsome, witty, amiable and accomplished?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then,' knocking the ashes from his cigar, 'she's just the wife I want, and I'll take her off your hands.'

'Absurd!' cried Harvey, trying to turn into a pleasant smile the frown which suddenly darkened his face. 'Impossible, Tom,' he continued, amiably, 'it would never do. In the first place, you would not suit each other in the least—there would be no congeniality of disposition, intellect, &c.'

'Is she, then, so decidedly my inferior?' asked Tom.

'Inferior?' cried Harvey, firing up with sudden indignation. 'I don't know the man she's inferior to. She's a glorious creature, I tell you!'

'Well, where's your objection, then?'

'Well, I meant—perhaps I'm not very civil to say so, Tom—but the fact is, tho' you are the best fellow in the world, you're sometimes a little rough, and she's so sensitive and refined, that—that—besides, as I told you, Tom—confound it—as I told you, she's in love with me, there's the rub, and he rubbed his hands together with returning spirit, as if he had hit the idea he had been vainly seeking for, at last.

'Thank you, Harvey for your complimentary hints,' said Tom, as he watched the ascending smoke of his cigar, 'but on the whole, notwithstanding my extreme diffidence, I believe I don't take quite so low an estimate of my character as you do. And as regards her being so desperately in love, and all that, I know how much that means. Trust me for that—Nothing for curing a girl of a fancy for one lover like the appearance of another. Why if the odds were equal in other respects, the novelty gives the last comer such an incalculable advantage, that there is no doubt of his success. Besides, in this case we will have the advantage of playing into each other's hands. You have only to hold off at first to give me a chance. You play cold, while I play warm, and I bet you a box of cigars I win the day "as easy as kissing," as the ladies say.'

'I think you are very much mistaken,' said Harvey, stiffly, in a tone of pique and annoyance.

'Well, shall I try, aye or no?' asked Tom.

'Oh, certainly, certainly, I should be so much obliged of course,' said Harvey, whose manner presented the greatest contrast to his air of boastful security at the beginning of the conversation.

The same evening Tom accompanied Harvey to Miss Northwood's house.

He found her all and more than all Harvey had described. He was indeed charmed with her grace and beauty.

The conversation, after the first preliminary commonplaces, fell on the works of art and the wondrous galleries of Europe. Tom had been an intelligent traveler, and was in his element on this subject. He had much of interest to say, and found much pleasure in answering Miss Northwood's discriminating questions.

Harvey, who had never traveled, was of necessity silent, and thrown quite into the shade.

From this subject the transition was

easy and natural to music; and here too Tom was at home. In fact, music was his strong point. He was an accomplished musician, with all a musician's enthusiasm for the art. Soon he and Miss N. were settled at the piano singing, humming snatches of airs, admiring, comparing tastes, extolling as enthusiastic lovers of music will.

'Do you know this little air?' asked Tom, 'I learned it in Venice, and it is, I think, peculiarly beautiful. It seems to carry with it a perfume of Italian flowers, and the sound of rippling moonlit waters.'

'Fudge!' muttered Harvey, from the distant sofa, to which he had retired, from behind the book he was pretending to read.

Then followed the air referred to, sung in the most exquisite taste, with the richest of manly voices.

Miss Northwood admired warmly, and expressed what she felt.

'Coquette!' sneered Harvey, in an accent of concentrated rage.

But all unconscious of these muttered comments, the musicians lingered over their music. One favorite air suggested another, and there were scores to be looked over, and duets to be sung, and Tom had so many anecdotes to tell of such and such musicians, and such delightful little histories of how such and such pieces of music came to be written, that time flew on swift and noiseless pinions.

Miss Northwood's eyes occasionally went in search of Harvey, but whenever she addressed a remark to him, with a view of drawing him into the conversation, he replied with such unceremonious brevity that she was repelled from further advances.

'Well,' cried Tom, as they emerged from the house late in the evening, 'pretty well for a beginning, Harvey. So far so good. I consider the affair in most hopeful train. Miss Northwood more than satisfies my expectation, and I flatter myself I made an impression. Hey Harvey?'

An unintelligible growl from Harvey was the only reply.

'I say, Tom,' continued Harvey in the highest spirits, 'I don't see those unmistakable symptoms of being in love, in your fair lady, which I expected. May you not be deceived yourself on this point?'

Another growl, ominous this time, from Harvey.

Tom proceeded: 'You did very well to-night, Harvey—I commend you. Keep your distance—that's right—no poaching on my ground, you know.'

'Your grounds, you rascal!' burst forth Harvey in a fit of ungovernable rage. 'I've a great notion to knock you down for your unsufferable assurance, you—you puppy. And there is my card, if you want the satisfaction of a gentleman!'

Tom raised the card Harvey flung at him as he left him, bursting with laughter as he did so.

Tom entered his room, retired for the night, laughing at the furor into which he had worked poor Harvey.

'Tom, my good fellow!' cried Harvey, as he burst into Tom's room the next day, with the most beaming smiles on his face, 'Tom, I've got something pleasant to say to you. Wish me joy, my fine fellow—it's all settled. We are to be married this day three months. It's all fixed and I am the luckiest dog! Why don't you congratulate me, old boy?'

'Because you take my breath away—I can't believe you. Why, you told me yesterday you wanted me to take her off your hands—'

'Nonsense!'

'And that you considered yourself in quite a fix, from which I good humoredly consented to help you.'

'Fudge!' cried Harvey, a blush of vexation and shame coming into his face.

'And that Miss Northwood, poor thing, was likely to die of a broken heart—'

'Come, come, Tom, no more of that! The fact is—and I may as well own it—a man does not know whether he is in love or not, sometimes, till a little jealousy or something else opens his eyes for him. But it's all right now.'

'Oh! aye,' said Tom with affected gravity, 'you may think it's all right, but there is something yet to be settled which may stand in the way of your true love running so very smooth.'

As he spoke he gravely drew forth Harvey's card from his pocket.

'I have ordered coffee and pistols for to-morrow morning, and who knows—I may stand a chance for Miss Northwood's hand yet.'

Harvey snatched the card and sent it spinning in the air, bursting into a merry laugh. Tom joined him heartily. Their hands met in a cordial grip, as they exclaimed—the one,

'You may thank me, Harvey, for teaching you your own mind!'

And the other—

'I understand you, Tom; you're the best friend I ever had. See if I don't prove my gratitude some of these days, by flirting with the woman you're in love with.'

'You're welcome!' cried Tom, 'by the time I'm in love you'll be like lion, sans teeth and claws—a married man and no longer dangerous.'

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-boards—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer homeward!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet no w,
Shallowa may ground thee.
Reef in thy foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There sweep the blast.

'What of the night, watchman?
'What of the night?
'Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right.'
Be watchful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold—
There—let the lagging go—
Now the ship rights;
Harsh! the harbour's near—
Lo! the red lights!

Shaken now sail yet
At inlet or island?
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

The secret of good luck is to have courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God and his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It is the secret of good luck, so called. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron, or elastic as the springing steel. It opens the gate of enterprise and wealth. And while others bow to chance and accident he makes chance and accident bow to him; and he moulds them to his purpose and harnesses them to the car of his fortunes.

A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room, or where a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way, a mild and steady light may be kept thro' the night, from a small piece of candle.

I suppose, said an arrant quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, that you think me a fool?

Sir, replied the sick man, I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse!

Why are kisses like creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and pronounced good.

Speaking of hoops, Punch says that a man who intends getting round his wife must start very early in the morning!

What are you staring at, sir, may I ask? said an imperialed, mortuostached 'blood' to a 'hoosier' on a Mississippi steamboat, who had been watching him as a cat watches a mouse, for some fifteen minutes.

I thought so! exclaimed the hoosier the moment the other spoke; I said you had a mouth, and I was only waitin' to be sartin' about it, that I might ask you to liquor. Stranger, what will you drink?—or had you rather fight?—I don't care which myself.

We never know a great character until something congenial to it has grown up within ourselves.

COMMON HONESTY.

The term honesty is generally understood to be the paying of one's debts.—This, as far as it goes, is well, and the man who performs the act punctually and invariably, is by no means a bad illustration of an honest citizen. But are there no other considerations which require observance—are there no other items which should enter into the calculations of a man in his dealings toward his neighbor, than the mere obligations embraced in the matter of dollars and cents? We fancy there are others which may be pointed at.

Is it honest in the over-reaching trader to grind the face of the poor man whose means are limited—who from time to time pays his creditor every dime he owes him, but who is necessitated to ask for temporary accommodation, to supply the daily wants of his family?

Is it honest in a woman to feign esteem for the other sex, and protest a love for the man whose purse or estates only she favors? Or is it honest in men to wrong the gentler sex by pretending affection for their persons, when they seek but their fortunes?

Is it honest to disregard the opinions of others altogether—to infringe upon the common rights of all men in society—to assert one thing and intend another—to offend the common laws of morality and good breeding—to assail private character unrighteously—to indulge in good precept rather than in good practice?

To these propositions our readers will readily answer 'no.' Yet how much of this do we meet with, every day in the world—how little of the opposite? Of a truth the really honest man is the noblest work of God!

NEW LITANY.—Here is a litany, which, although not exactly orthodox, will pass among sinners:

From tailors' bills, doctors' pills, western chills, and other ills—deliver us.

From want of gold, wives that scold, maidens old, and by sharpers 'sold'—deliver us.

From stinging flies, cold black eyes, bakers' pies, and babies' cries—deliver us.

From seedy coats, protested notes, sinking boats, and illegal votes—deliver us.

From creaking doors, a wife that snores, 'confounded bores,' and dry good stores—protect us.

From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—never mind.

TIT FOR TAT.—The following notes, says an exchange, passed between two of our belles:

Dear Anna: Please send me the collar you wore at Mrs. P——'s last evening as I wish to get one like it.

ELLEN B.

Dear Ellen: I make it a rule never to let any of my apparel go out of the house unless worn by myself.

ANNA G.

P. S.—If you will come around to the house, you may look at the collar as much as you please.

In a few days afterwards, Miss Anna had a want of her own, and expressed it to Ellen as follows:

Dear Ellen: I have an engagement to ride on horseback this evening, will you lend me your saddle?

ANNA G.

Dear Anna: I make it a rule never to let my saddle go out of the house, unless used by myself.

ELLEN B.

P. S.—If you will come around to the house, you may ride it as much as you please in the house!

A Frenchman being troubled with gout was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. He replied:

One very great difference; suppose you take one vice, put ze finger in, you turn ze screw till you can bear no longer—zat is ze rheumatism; den s'pose, you give him one more turn—zat is ze gout!

The explanation was quite satisfactory.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.

Applause is the spur of able minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

BY HENRY EMERSON.

There was a time, when free from care,
I roamed the wide world over,
And smiled at each fresh cup of joy
Was filled and drained once more.

There was a time my heart was free
From all the ills of life
That grieve the mind, and rack the soul,
With their unceasing strife.

Then came a change—I stood alone
And friendless on life's verge,
And listened to the notes of woe
That swelled the funeral dirge.

The friends I loved, the hearts I prized,
Beyond all earthly lore,
From me were snatched by death's cold grasp—
They're gone forevermore!

I heaved a sigh, I dropped a tear,
To moist their lonely grave;
'Twas all they asked—all I could give—
I had no power to save.

And now alone, alone I stood,
And earth's moving throng,
My buoyant hopes and lofty aims
Seemed all forever gone.

Another change, and with it came
An end of all my grief,
Where all was dark, all now is bright,
And I have found relief.

'Twas an angelic woman's smile
That banished those gloomy pains—
I met her—loved her—then I said
I would not grieve again.

Around her pure white brow, so fair,
The golden ringlets twined,
And every glance bespoke the soul
That was within enshrined.

She raised her eyes, so full of love,
As if she would address me,
And spoke in accents low and sweet,
The gentle words, "God bless thee!"

WINCHESTER, February, 1857.

The Arabs always allow a man to divorce himself from a wife who does not make good bread. Were such a law in our country, half the young married ladies, we fear, would be in danger of falling back into single blessedness, while the young ladies who are not yet married—but mum: we are single yet!

Mr. Spikes proposes embarking in the exhibition business. He will pay handsomely for the following 'living curiosities':

A man who has become opulent by imbibing bad liquors at the corner groceries, and singing comic songs in the streets late at night.

A stump orator who can make a speech without alluding to 'our ship of State,' and to our 'Revolutionary forefathers.'

A Washington letter writer who has ever been guilty of telling the truth.

A young man of 'literary taste' who does not strongly opine that he could treble the circulation of any paper by taking the editorial department under his own exclusive charge.

A DAMPER.—A young man politely offered his services to a young lady for a party. On their way he cudgeled his brain for some time to start an interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with; he could hit upon nothing until he met several cows. Here was a topic which the swain immediately laid hold of, and with much simplicity remarked:

Now, ain't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?

To which the young lady replied, 'I do not think it strange at all, sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf.'

Humph! the calf was silent during the rest of the walk.

FASHIONABLE.—A little girl at school read thus:

The widow lived on a small limbacy left her by a relative.

What did you call that word? asked the teacher; the word is legacy, not limbacy.

But, Miss Johnson, said the little girl, Pa says I must say limb, not leg.

A fellow was wending his way, a short time ago, through some narrow passage, when he met a pretty, modest girl.

Pray, my dear, said he, what do you call this passage?

Balaam's passage, replied the girl. Ah, then, continued he, I am like Balaam—stopped by an angel.

And I, said the girl, as she pushed past him, am like the angel—stopped by an ass.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.—Swift.

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.

In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the season; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of the middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf, then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian, sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which await him within the gates of Paradise evermore. Let us strive for and look forward to an Indian summer like this.

A TOAST.

THE EDITOR.—The man who is expected to know everything, tell all he knows and guess at the rest; to make oath to his own good character, establish the reputation of his neighbors, and elect all candidates to office; to blow up everybody, and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and have the epitaph on his tombstone:—Here he lies his last—in short, he is a locomotive running on the track of notoriety; his level is his pen, his boiler is filled with ink, his tender is his scissors, and his driving wheel is public opinion; and if he ever explodes it is caused by the non-payment of subscriptions.

THE GOSPEL.

O, precious Gospel! Will any mercenary hand endeavor to tear away from our hearts this best, this last and sweetest avenue through which one ray of hope can enter? Would you tear from the aged and infirm poor the only prop on which their souls can repose in peace? Would you deprive the dying of their only source of consolation? Would you let loose the flood-gates of every vice, and bring back upon the earth the horrors of superstition or the atrocities of atheism? Then endeavor to subvert the gospel—throw around you the fire-brands of infidelity—laugh at religion, and make a mock of futurity; but be assured that for all these things God will bring you to judgment. I will persuade myself that a regard for the welfare of their country, if no higher motive, will induce men to respect the Christian religion. And every pious heart will say, rather let the light of the sun be extinguished than the precious light of the Gospel.—Dr. Archibald Alexander.

FINE WORDS.

Kossuth, the other day, addressed the working classes of Edinburgh, when he closed his harangue with the following words:

The horizon is trembling with the reflected light of the rising sun of liberty. Be you, free people as you are, the lark to greet the morn! Raise your voice in the mountains and in your valleys, and let it move over the face of the waters.—Let it be clearly understood that the British people want no propping up of rickety thrones, and do not mean to couple the honorable name of Great Britain with that of the murderer of Hungary, the jailer of Italy, and the robber of Poland! I tell you, your voice will fall cheerfully on the spirits of the oppressed, as the warming ray of the sun falls on the chilling night-path of the wanderer. So let your free and noble voice go forth; let it be heard in good season, and God Almighty bless you for it!

An editor named Moore has been getting married in South Carolina, whereupon another editor of the same State chronicles the fact and adds:

'We wish success to our friend's new enterprise, and more subscribers to both, or in other words, we wish the parties every happiness the world can give, and a little more.'

Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors receive us.